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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

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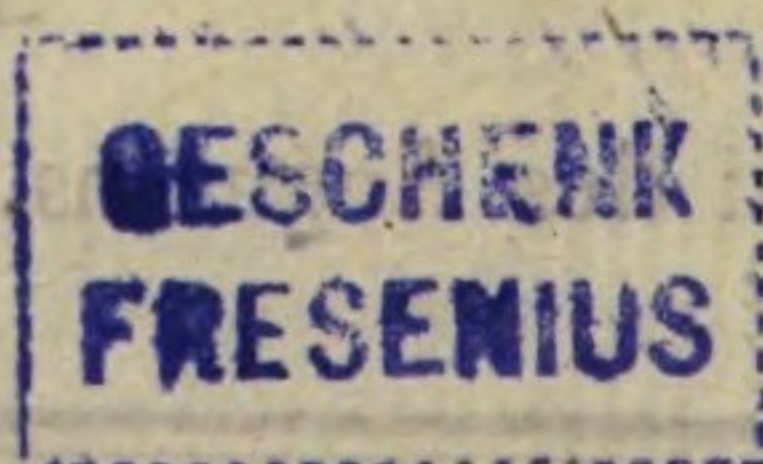
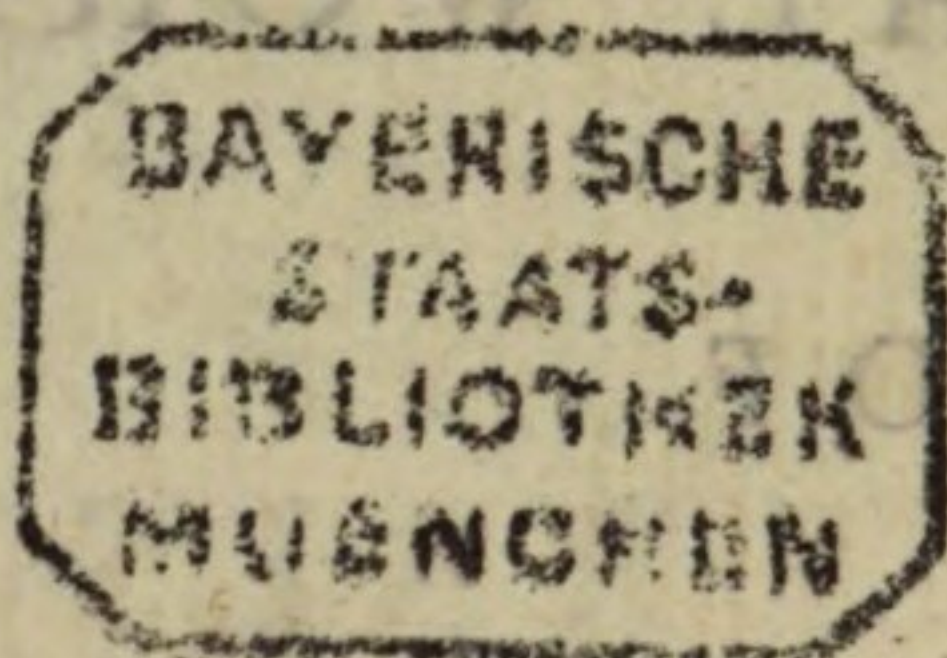
VOL. I.

PARIS:

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Quai des Augustins.

M. DCC. LXXXII.



PASTORALS,
WITH A
DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvas que inglorius!*

VIRG.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL

By the Rev. John G. ...
... ..

VIRG.

A DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY.

THERE are not, i believe, a greater number of any sort of Verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Criticks have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, i think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of Poetry was probably Pastoral. 'Tis natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former

age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it receiv'd the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple; the manners nor too polite nor too rustic; the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing; the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this consideration along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe ours shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed this employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in

Astronomy, as far as may be useful to that sort of life; and an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connections should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry to have been the business of the ancient shepherds, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from which arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of Poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of a country life itself, as from that of its tranquillity. We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful, and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together, in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides,

in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral; and since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. 'Tis therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed Authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely Pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his

swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity, for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points where judgment has the principal part, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not Pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the Moderns, their success has been greatest who have endeavoured to make these ancients their patterns. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gerusalemme* he has outdone the epic Poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in M. Dryden's opinion, is

the most complete work of this kind, which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of Religion in a Pastoral style, as the Mantuan has done before him. He has employed the lyric measure which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; though not withſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus. It was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons; whereas the old English and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but no clowniſh. The addition he has made of

a calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful, since by this, besides that general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself. He compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass, that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of the day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments, not with-

10 A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.

out some regard to the several ages of man,
and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is
to be attributed to some Authors,
whose works as I had
so, I hope, I have not w.

SPRING,

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames . . . from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks I sit and sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling way,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!

Let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
And in your native shades you tune the lyre:
When the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
And charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dew,
Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the
Muse,

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:

The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd:

D A P N I S.

Hear how the birds , on ev'ry bloomy spray ,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing ,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why tarry we sad when phosphor shines so clear ,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year ?

S T R E P H O N.

Sing then , and Damon shall attend the strain ,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
 Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow ;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb , that near the fountain plays ,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys,

D A P H N I S.

And I this bowl , where wanton ivy twines ,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
 Four figures rising from the work , appear
 The various seasons of the rolling year ;
 And what is that , which binds the radiant sky ,
 Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie ?

D A M O N.

Then sing by turns ; by turns the Muses sing.
 Now hawthorns blossom , now the daisies spring ;

Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

S T R E P H O N.

Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

D A P H N I S.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

S T R E P H O N.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

D A P H N I S.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

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S P R I N G.

S T R E P H O N.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield;
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

D A P H N I S.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
 If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

S T R E P H O N.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If Delia smiles, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

D A P H N I S.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
 And vainquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

S T R E P H O N.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,

But Delia always ; absent from her sight ,
Nor plains at morn , nor groves at noon delight.

D A P H N I S.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe , yet mild as May ,
More bright than noon , yet fresh as early day ;
Ev'n spring displeases , when she shines not here ;
But blest with her , 'tis spring throughout the year.

S T R E P H O N.

Say , shepherd , say , in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous tree * that sacred Monarchs bears ?
Tell me but this , and I'll disclaim the prize ,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

D A P H N I S.

Nay , tell me first , in what more happy fields
The thistle * * springs , to which the lily yields ?
And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
For Sylvia , charming Sylvia , shall be thine.

* An allusion to the Royal oak , in which Charles II had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

* * An allusion to the device of the Scots Monarchs , the thistle , worn by Queen Anne , and to the arms of France , the fleur de lys.

D A M O N.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel,
Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd;
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! The gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

S U M M E R.

S U M M E R ,

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

T O Dr. G A R T H.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame ,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd ,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd , the streams forgot to flow ,
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show ,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r ,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept , o Garth , the Muse's early lays ,
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays ;
 Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure ,
 From love , the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches , and ye cooling streams ,
 Defence from Phœbus' , not from Cupid's beams ,
 To you I mourn , nor to the deaf I sing ,
 The woods shall answer , and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay ,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they ?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree ,
 They parch'd with heat , and I inflam'd by thee.
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains ,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd! what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart?

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear,
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
He said: » Alexis, take this pipe, the same
» That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name «.
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

Oh! were I made, by some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy listn'ing ears employ,
And I, those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her gifts in vain,

On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew;
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats.
Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade.
Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

A U T U M N,

AUTUMN,

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

TO M. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove,
Ye, Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hilas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
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 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,

Alike unheard , unpity'd , and forlorn.

Go , gentle gales , and bear my sighs along !
For her , the feather'd quires neglect their song ;
For her , the limes their pleasing shades deny ;
For her , the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs , that droop , forsaken by the spring ,
Ye birds , that , left by summer , cease to sing ,
Ye trees , that fade when autumn-heats remove ,
Say , is not absence death to those who love ?

Go , gentle gales , and bear my sighs away !
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay ;
Fade ev'ry blossom , wither ev'ry tree ,
Die ev'ry flow'r , and perish all , but she.
What have I said ? where'er my Delia flies ,
Let spring attend , and sudden flow'rs arise ;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn ,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go , gentle gales , and bear my sighs along !
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning-song ,
The winds to breathe , the waving woods to move ,
And streams to murmur , ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain ,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain ,
Not show'rs to larks , or sun-shine to the bee ,
Are half so charming , as thy sight to me.

Go , gentle gales , and bear my sighs away !
Come , Delia , come. Ah ! why this long delay ?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds ,
Delia , each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs , what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind !
Do lover's dream , or is my Delia kind ?

She comes, my Delia comes! — Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Wind^{or} groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain.

Here, where the mountains less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day;
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine,
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry: » Thy flocks are left a prey «. . .
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move?

And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forfake mankind, and all the world — but love!
I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main,
More fell than tygers on the Lybian plain:
Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th'approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangies deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade,

WINTER,

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

To the memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS ! the music of that murm'ring
spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing ;
Nor rivers , winding thro' the vales below ,
So sweetly warble , or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie ;
The moon , serene in glory , mounts the sky ;
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays ,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate , and Daphne's praise !

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost ,
Their beauty wither'd , and their verdure lost.
Here shall i try the sweet Alexis' strain ,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain ?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along ,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yeld ,
And swell the future harvest of thy field.

B

Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said: » Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb i mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

T H Y R S I S.

Ye, gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye, weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

» Let Nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
 » Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay.
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day;
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah! what avail the beauties nature wore?
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food;
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies;
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephirs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the nightingales repeat her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
Nor more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But te'l the reeds, and tell the vocal shore:
Fair Daphne's dead and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears.
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore:
Daphne, our grief! Our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly who your name implore,

Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

L Y C I D A S.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
 Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
 In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
 To thee, bright Goddeſs, oft' a lamb ſhall bleed,
 If teeming ewes encreaſe my fleecy breed.
 While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

T H Y R S I S.

See, pale Orion ſheds unwholeſome dew,
 Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diſſuſe;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
 Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams and groves,
 Adieu ye ſhepherd's rural lays and loves,
 Adieu my flocks, farewell ye ſylvan crew,
 Daphne farevell, and all the world adieu.

M E S S I A H,

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains , and the sylvan shades ,
The dreams of Pindus , and th' Aonian maids ,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire ,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times , the Bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive , a Virgin bear a Son !
From (1) Jesse's root behold a branch arise ,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies ;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move ,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye (2) heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour ,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The (3) sick and weak the healing plant shall aid ,
From storms a shelter , and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease , and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning (4) Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend ;
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years , and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light , auspicious Babe , be born !
See Nature haste her earliest wreaths to bring ,

(1) Isaiah , cap. XI. v. 1. (2) Cap. XLV. v. 8.

(3) Cap. XXV. v. 4. (4) Cap. IX. v. 7.

With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
 See lofty (1) Lebanon his head advance ;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise ;
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :
 Prepare the (2) way ! a God , a God appears !
 A God , a God ! the vocal hills reply ,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo ! earth receives him from the bending skies :
 Sink down , ye mountains , and , ye valleys , rise !
 With heads declin'd , ye cedars , homage pay !
 Be smooth , ye rocks , ye rapid floods , give way !
 The Saviour comes , by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear (3) him , ye deaf , and , all ye blind , behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray ,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear ,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing , the lame his crutch forego ,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh , no murmur the wide world shall hear ,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear :
 In (4) adamant chains shall Death be bound ,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good (5) shepherd tends his fleecy care ,
 Seeks freshest pasture , and the purest air ,
 Explores the lost , the wand'ring sheep directs ,
 By day o'ersees them , and by night protects ;

(1) Cap. XXXV. v. 2. (2) Cap. XI. v. 3 , 4.

(3) Cap. XLII. v. 18. Cap. XXXV. v. 5 , 6.

(4) Cap. XXV. v. 8. (5) Cap. XL. v. 11.

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd (1) father of the future age.
 No more shall (2) nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful (3) son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren (4) desarts with surprize
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmur'ing in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy (5) valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The (6) lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless (7) serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

(1) Cap. IX. v. 6. (2) Cap. II. v. 4. (3) Cap. LXV.
 R. 21, 22. (4) Cap. XXXV. v. 1, 7. (5) Cap. XLI. v.
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 (7) Cap. LXV. v. 25. B 4

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk, and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, Imperial (1) Salem rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long (2) race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous (3) nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of (4) Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And feeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising (5) sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts. The light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The (6) seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

(1) Cap. LX. v. 1. (2) Cap. LX. v. 4. (3) Cap. LX.
 v. 3. (4) Cap. LX. v. 6. (5) Cap. LX. v. 19, 20.
 (6) Cap. LI. v. 6. and LIV. v. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE.

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano : Te nostræ , Vare , myricæ ,
Te Nemus omne canet ; nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quàm sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANDOWN.

By the Author of
"The History of the
County of Devon."

ALBION

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

TH Y forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, Sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;

There wrap'd in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn;
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants; nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree;
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here, blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground;
 Here, Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell: a Stuart reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts, and * savage laws a prey,
 And Kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.
 Cities laid waste; they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?

* *The Forest Laws.*

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears to beasts his labour yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
 But that the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The * fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes;
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his Vassals, and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!

* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William I.

Stretch'd on the lawn his * second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey.
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain;
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
 blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,

* William Rufus second son of William the Conqueror.

Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughter'd guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short-thunder breaks the frozen sky:
 Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous plovers feel the leaden death:
 Oft', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd,
 Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
 Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
 Above the rest, a rural nymph was fam'd,

Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall
 last.)

Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds;
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire,
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
 doves;

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 (His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun)
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she call'd for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
 vain:

38 WINDSOR-FOREST.

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 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;

Stretch'd on the lawn his * second hope survey,
 At once the chafer, and at once the prey.
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain;
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
 blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,

* William Rufus second son of William the Conqueror.

Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughter'd guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short-thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
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Oft', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
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 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd,
 Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
 Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
 Above the rest, a rural nymph was fam'd,

Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall
 last.)

Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds;
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire,
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
 doves;

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 (His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun)
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she call'd for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
 vain:

» Ah Cynthia ! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train ,
 » Let me , O let me , to the shades repair ,
 » My native shades — there weep , and murmur
 » there «.

She said , and melting as in tears she lay ,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps ,
 For ever murmurs , and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore ,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves ,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains , and the downward skies ,
 The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods ,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen ,
 And floating forests paint the wave with green ;
 Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams ,
 Then foaming pour along , and rush into the
 Thames.

Thou too , great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
 Where tow'ring oaks their spreading honours rear ,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
 A wealthier tribute , than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich , so gay no banks appear ,
 No lake so gentle , and no spring so clear.

* *The river Loddon.*

Not fabled Po more swells the Poet's lays ,
While thro' the skies his shining current strays ,
Than thine , which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes ,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods :
Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show ,
Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below :
Here , Jove himself, subdu'd by beauty still ,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves ,
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves !
Happy next him , who to these shades retires ,
Whom Nature charms , and whom the Muse in-
pires ,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please ,
Successive study , exercise , and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields ,
And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields ;
With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs ,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs ;
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store ,
Consults the dead , and lives past ages o'er ;
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood ,
Attends the duties of the wise and good ,
T' observe a mean , be to himself a friend ,
To follow nature , and regard his end ;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes ,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies ,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam ,
Survey the region , and confess her home.

44 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possesses,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
To bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens,
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or, where, ye Muses, sport, on Cooper's hill.
(On Cooper's hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
flow.)

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
And hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:
Here, his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There, the last numbers flow'd from * Cowley's
tongue.

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!

* *M. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.*

Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies,
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver Star.

Here noble * Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Myra now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With ** Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field;
The lilies blazing on the regal shield;
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,

* Henry Howard E. of Surrey, one of the first
refiners of the English Poetry; who flourished in the
time of Henry VIII.

** Edward III. born here.

Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated * Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here, o'er the Martyr-king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once-fear'd ** Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the Northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone,)
Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled?

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—Let discord cease!
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace.

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam,
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta, rose in gold.

* Henry VI.

** Edward IV.

Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood,
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame,
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd,
 Cole, whose clear streams his flowry islands lave,
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave,
 The blue transparent Vandalis appears,
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears,
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke: (the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore).

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tydes of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood

There wrap'd in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants; nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree;
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here, blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground;
 Here, Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell: a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts, and * savage laws a prey,
 And Kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.
 Cities laid waste; they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?

* *The Forest Laws.*

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears to beasts his labour yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
 But that the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The * fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes;
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his Vassals, and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!

* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William I.

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 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd,
 Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
 Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
 Above the rest, a rural nymph was fam'd,

Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona nam'd ;
 (Lodona's fate , in long oblivion cast ,
 The Muse shall sing , and what she sings shall
 last.)

Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known ,
 But by the crescent , and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty , and the care ;
 A belt her waist , a fillet binds her hair ;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds ;
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd , as eager of the chace , the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd ,
 Pan saw and lov'd , and burning with desire ,
 Pursu'd her flight ; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly ,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves ,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
 doves ;

As from the God she flew with furious pace ,
 Or as the God , more furious , urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting , sinking , pale , the nymph appears ;
 Now close behind his sounding steps she hears ;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run ,
 (His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun)
 And now his shorter breath , with sultry air ,
 Pants on her neck , and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she call'd for aid ,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint , breathless , thus she pray'd , nor pray'd in
 vain :

» Ah Cynthia ! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train ,
 » Let me , O let me , to the shades repair ,
 » My native shades — there weep , and murmur
 » there «.

She said , and melting as in tears she lay ,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps ,
 For ever murmurs , and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore ,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves ,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains , and the downward skies ,
 The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods ,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen ,
 And floating forests paint the wave with green ;
 Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams ,
 Then foaming pour along , and rush into the
 Thames.

Thou too , great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
 Where tow'ring oaks their spreading honours rear ,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
 A wealthier tribute , than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich , so gay no banks appear ,
 No lake so gentle , and no spring so clear.

* *The river Loddon.*

Not fabled Po more swells the Poet's lays ,
While thro' the skies his shining current strays ,
Than thine , which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes ,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods :
Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show ,
Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below :
Here , Jove himself, subdu'd by beauty still ,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves ,
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves !
Happy next him , who to these shades retires ,
Whom Nature charms , and whom the Muse inspires ,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please ,
Successive study , exercise , and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields ,
And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields ;
With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs ,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs ;
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store ,
Consults the dead , and lives past ages o'er ;
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood ,
Attends the duties of the wise and good ,
T' observe a mean , be to himself a friend ,
To follow nature , and regard his end ;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes ,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies ,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam ,
Survey the region , and confess her home.

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
To bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens,
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or, where, ye Muses, sport, on Cooper's hill.
(On Cooper's hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
flow.)

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
And hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:
Here, his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There, the last numbers flow'd from * Cowley's
tongue,

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!

* M. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of
the forest, and was from thence convey'd to West-
minster.

Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies,
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver Star.

Here noble * Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Myra now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With ** Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field;
The lilies blazing on the regal shield;
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,

* Henry Howard E. of Surrey, one of the first
refiners of the English Poetry; who flourished in the
time of Henry VIII.

** Edward III. born here.

Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated * Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here, o'er the Martyr-king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once-fear'd ** Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the Northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone,)
Oh fast accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled?

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—Let discord cease!
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace.

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam,
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta, rose in gold.

* Henry V I.

** Edward I V.

Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood,
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame,
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,
 The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd,
 Cole, whose clear streams his flowry islands lave,
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave,
 The blue transparent Vandalis appears,
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears,
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke: (the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore).

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tydes of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood

Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood;
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the syivan chace;
 The trumpets sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tyde;
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
 I see, I see where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new White-hall ascend!
 There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come;
 There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
 Once more to bend before a British Queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
 woods,

And half thy forests rush into my floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her crosses display
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded

Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
 And seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 Whose naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to
 shore,

'Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more:
 'Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there;
 There, purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires;
 There, hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel;
 There, Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here, cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days!
 The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,

50 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Paints the green forests, and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd, in the silent shade, with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ELOISA

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flourish'd in the twelfth Century ; they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty , but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities , they retired each to a several Convent , and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation , that a letter of ABELARD'S to a Friend , which contain'd the history of his misfortunes , fell into the hands of ELOISA. This awakening all her tenderness , occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature , virtue and passion.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where, heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd.
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies.
Oh write it not, my hand — The name appears
Already written — wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round con-
tains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!

44 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep !
And pitying saints , whose statues learn to weep !
Tho' cold like you , unmov'd , and silent grown ,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

Heav'n claims me all in vain , while he has part ,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor pray'rs , nor fasts , its stubborn pulse restrain ;
Nor tears , for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloset ,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.

Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs , still usher'd with a tear :
I tremble too where-e'er my own I find ,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow ,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe :

Now warm in love , now with'ring in thy bloom ,
Lift in a convent's solitary gloom !

There , stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame ,
There , dy'd the best of passions , Love and Fame.

Yet write , oh write me all , that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs , and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes , nor fortune , take this pow'r away ,
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?

Tears still are mine , and those I need not spare ,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r ;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read , and weep , is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain , allow that sad relief ;
Ah , more than share it , give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid ,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart ;
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy
 flame,

When love approach'd me under friendship's name :

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,

Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.

Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,

Shone 'sweetly lambent with celestial day.

Guiltless I gaz'd ; heav'n listen'd while you sung ;

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

From lips like those what precepts fail'd to move ?

Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :

Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,

Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.

Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;

Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I
 said,

Curse on all laws but those which love has made ?

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,

Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,

August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;

Before true passion all those views remove,

Fame, wealth and honour ! what are you to love ?

56 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;
 If there be yet another name, more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
 Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast:
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it
 part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
 Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
 Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd —
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?

As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And faints with wonder heard the vows I made:
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my
 woe;

Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;
 Give all thou canst — and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes:
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and desarts led.
 You * rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n;

* *He founded the Monastery.*

18 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
 But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,

And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof, how well a lover can obey !
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, 'till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me, heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget !

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
An love th' offender, yet detest th' offence ?

How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?

Unequal task ! a passion to resign,

For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as
mine !

E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate !

60 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain — do all things but forget!
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh! come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self — and you:
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed, to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind,
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n,
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenæals sing;
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy;
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

O curst, -dear horrors of all-conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake — no more I hear, no more I view;
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud: it hears not what I say;
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
 Alas no more! — methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy
 creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows:
 Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n,
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread

62 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Cut from the root my perish'd joys I see,
And love's warm tyde for ever stopt in thee.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where-e'er I turn my view !
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God, and me ;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul ;
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thy self to heav'n ; dispute my heart ;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
tears ;

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 63

Take back my fruitless penitence , and pray'rs ;
Snatch me , just mounting , from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends , and tear me from my God !

No , fly me , fly me ! far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah come not , write not , think not once of me ,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit , thy memory resign ;
Forget , renounce me , hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes , and tempting looks (which yet I
view !)

Long-lov'd , ador'd ideas ! all adieu !
O Grace serene ! oh Virtue heav'nly fair !
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted care !
Fresh blooming Hope , gay daughter of the sky !
And Faith , our early immortality !
Enter each mild , each amicable guest ;
Receive , and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread ,
Propt on some tomb , a neighbour of the dead !
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls ,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here , as I watch'd the dying lamps around ,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

» Come , sister , come ! (it said , or seem'd to
» say)

» Thy place is here , sad sister , come away !

» Once like thyself I trembled , wept , and
» pray'd ,

» Love's victim then , tho' now a fainter maid :

64 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

» But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 » Here , grief forgets to groan , and love to
 » weep ;
 » Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear :
 » For God , not Man , absolves our frailties
 » here ».

I come , I come ! prepare your roseat bow'rs ,
 Celestial palms , and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither , where sinners may have rest , I go ,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
 Thou , Abelard ! the last sad office pay ,
 And smoothe my passage to my realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble , and my eye-balls roll ,
 Suck my last breath , and catch the flying soul !
 Ah no — in sacred vestments may'st thou stand ,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand ,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye ,
 Teach me at once , and learn of me , to die.
 Ah then , thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see !
 It will be , then , no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 'Till ev'ry motion , pulse , and breath be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove
 What dust we doat on , when 'tis man we love.
 Then too , when fate shall thy dear frame des-
 troy ,
 (That cause of all my guilt , and all my joy)

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round,

From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And faints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May * one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings

To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,

And drink the falling tears each other sheds;

Then sad'y say, with mutual pity mov'd:

Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!

From the full quire when loud Hosannas rise,

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

Amid that scene, if some relenting eye

Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,

Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,

One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.

And sure if Fate some future Bard shall join

In sad similitude of griefs to mine,

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,

And image charms he must behold no more;

* Abelard and Eloisa were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: He died in the year 1142, she in 1163.

66 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
 The well-sung woes shall sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
FAME.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*T*HE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's HOUSE OF FAME. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of FAME, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
skies;

The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here, naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There, tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here, sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There, trees, and intermingled temples rise;

70 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild, promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
I look'd, and first a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd,
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And distant gazers thought it solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd, they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that others names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n cou'd feel,
Like crystal, faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past

From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days,
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high Temple stands,
 Stupendous work ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 What'er proud Rome, or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the pile, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace ;
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here, fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race ;
 The fourfold walls in breathing statues grace :
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils, here, Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield ;

There, great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
 Here, Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion, there, the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire;
 Cytharon's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall;
 There, might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There, Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name;
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand;
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
 The sage Chaldaëans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long, majestic race
 Of Ægypt's priests the gilded niches grace,

Who

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 73

Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
* His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There, huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There, fate Zamolxis * * with erected eyes,
And Odin * * *, here, in mimic trances dies.
There, on rude iron columns smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once-loud harps unstrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies.

* Herodotus *lib. 2.* describes a statue of Sesostris in this manner, which remain'd in his own time.

** Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who first taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians.

*** Odin or Woden, the great Legislator of the Goths, who being subject to fits, persuaded his followers that during those trances he receiv'd his Laws by inspiration.

74 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats, the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The * Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on scepters, and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head express'd the Libyan God.
There, Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state;
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;

* Alexander the Great *caus'd himself to be represented in his coins with horns on his head, as the son of Jupiter Ammon.*

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 71

Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and pattern of mankind.

Much-suff'ring Heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here, ever shines the godlike Socrates.

* He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell.
Here, his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the center of the hallow'd quire,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here, fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here, Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here, dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall,

* Aristides. *Vid.* Plutarch.

76 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t'affect,
 And here, and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art:

The Mantuan, there, in sober triumph sat,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.

In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,

Æneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.

Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here, happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre

To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work out-lasting monumental brass.
Here, smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus, here.
The * doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light;
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrte;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature thro'.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand:
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst, ptoud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralsds there revive the eye;
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye;

* *Vid. Horat. lib. 3. Ode 4.*

78 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Bright azure rays from lively saphirs stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various-colour'd lights the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view;
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long ile extend.
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, th' immortal Nine
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string.
 With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last eternal thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet founded, and the temple shook,
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill'd the crouded hall:
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew

Their flow'ry toils , and sip the fragrant dew ,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky ,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly ,
 Or settling , seize the sweets the blossoms yield ,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend ,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
 The poor , the rich , the valiant , and the sage ,
 And boasting youth , and narrative old age .
 Their pleas were diff'rent , their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame .
 Some she disgrac'd , and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found .
 Thus her blind sister , fickle Fortune reigns ,
 And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains .

First at the shrine the learned world appear ,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
 Long have we fought t' instruct , and please mankind ,
 With studies pale , with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few , rewarded yet by none ,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne :
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow ,
 For Fame is all we must expect below .

The Goddess heard , and bade the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound ,
 That fills the circuit of the world around :
 Not all at once , as thunder breaks the cloud ;
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise ,
 Reach o'er the earth , and gain upon the skies .

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30 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed ,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales ,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good , and just , an awful train ,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane :
Since living virtue is with envy curst ,
And the best men are treated like the worst ,
Do thou , just Goddess , call our merits forth ,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd ,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze ,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd , behold , another croud
Prefer'd the same request , and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But strait the direful trump of Slander sounds ,
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies ,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies :
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung ,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames , and clouds of rolling smoke ;
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies ,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next , who crowns , and armour wore ,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife ,

AA

AA

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We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood ,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd , thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd , was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen reply'd , and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
 There sleep forgot , with mighty tyrants gone ,
 Your statues moulder'd , and your names unknown ,
 A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight ,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night .

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ,
 Plain was their dress , and modest was their mien .
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit , nor aspire to fame ;
 But safe in desarts from th' applause of men ,
 Would die unheard of , as we liv'd unseen .
 'Tis all we beg thee , to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness , which themselves requite .
 O let us still the secret joy partake ,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake .

And live there men who slight immortal fame !
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But , mortals ! know , 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues , which the good would hide .
 Rise , Muses rise ! add all your tuneful breath ,
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death .
 She said : in air the trembling music floats ,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes
 So soft , tho' high , so loud , and yet so clear ,
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear :

82 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress and gallantry:
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the Fair.
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request.
What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days;
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers were heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses ran thro' all the croud.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Who their glory's dire foundation laid

On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd,
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith can fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
 Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
 throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air:
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound.
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the center tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,

Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the watry plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above;
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There, various news I heard, of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life;
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new; —
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day.
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;

And all who told it, added something new ;
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too ;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with encrease from mouth to mouth ;
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 'Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way ;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost!
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
 Ease, health, and life, for this we must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
 All luckless wits our enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I flight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all:
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
 Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame:
 Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays;
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the year 1712.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MARTIAL.

THE HISTORY OF THE
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HAPE OF THE LOCK

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T O

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

I T will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough, to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had halfexecuted my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear

of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady ; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Demons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the be-

ginning, or the Transformation at the end ;
(except the loss of your Hair, which I always
mention with reverence) The Human persons
are as fictitious as the Airy ones ; and the charac-
ter of Belinda , as it is now manag'd , resem-
bles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there
are in your Person , or in your Mind , yet I
could never hope it should pass thro' the world
half so uncensur'd as You have done. But let its
fortune be what it will , mine is happy enough,
to have given me this occasion of assuring you
that I am , with the truest esteem ,

M A D A M ,

Your most obedient ,
Humble Servant ,
A. P O P E.

THE RAPE

T H E RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,

I sing — This verse to C — Muse! is due:

This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,

If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could
compel

A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?

Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,

Cou'd make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

24 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Belinda still her downy pillow preſt ,
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt :
 'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night Beau ,
 (That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay ,
 And thus in whiſpers ſaid , or ſeem'd to ſay.

Faireſt of mortals , thou diſtinguiſh'd care
 Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air !
 If e'er one viſion touch'd thy infant thought ,
 Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught ,
 Of airy Elves , by moon-light ſhadows ſeen ,
 The ſilver token , and the circled green ,
 Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs ,
 With golden crowns , and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs ;
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know ,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some ſecret truths , from learned pride conceal'd .
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd :
 What tho' no credit doubting wits may give ;
 The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
 Know then , unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly ,
 The light militia of the lower ſky ;
 Theſe , tho' unſeen , are ever on the wing ,
 Hang o'er the box , and hover round the ring :
 Think what an equipage thou haſt in air ,
 And view with ſcorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own , our beings were of old ,
 And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mold ;
 Thence , by a ſoft tranſition , we repair

From earthly vehicles to these of air.
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead:
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And, tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements the souls retire:
 The Sprites of fiery Termaugants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark;
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Tho' Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.

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These swell their prospects , and exalt their pride ,
 When offers are disdain'd , and love deny'd.
 Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain ,
 While peers and dukes , and all their sweeping train ,
 And garters , stars , and coronets appear ,
 And in soft sounds , *Your Grace* salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul ,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll ,
 Teach infants cheeks a bidden blush to know ,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft' when the world imagine women stray ,
 The Sylphs thro' myttic mazes guide their way ,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue ,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat , but for another's ball ?
 When Florio speaks , what virgin could withstand ,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities from ev'ry part ,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart ;
 Where wigs with wigs , with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive ,

Beaus banish Beaus , and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call ,
 Oh blind to truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I , who thy protection claim ,
 A watchful Sprit , and Ariel is my name.
 Late , as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air ,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star ,
 I saw , alas ! some dread event impend ,
 E'er to the main this morning sun descend.

But heav'n reveals not what , or how , or where :

Warn'd by thy Sylph , oh pious maid , beware !

This to disclose , is all thy guardian can ;

Beware of all , but most beware of man !

He said ; when Shock , who thought she slept too long ,

Leap'd up , and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.

'Twas then , Belinda ! if report say true ,

Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;

Wounds , charms , and ardors , were no sooner read ,

But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now , unveil'd , the toilet stands display'd ,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First , rob'd in white , the Nymph intent adores

With head uncover'd , the Cosmetic Pow'rs.

A heav'nly image in the glass appears ,

To that she bends , to that her eyes she rears ;

Th' inferior priestess , at her altar's side ,

Trembling , begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once , and here

The various off'rings of the world appear ;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil ,

And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks ,

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise , here , and elephant unite ,

Transform'd to combs , the speckled , and the white.

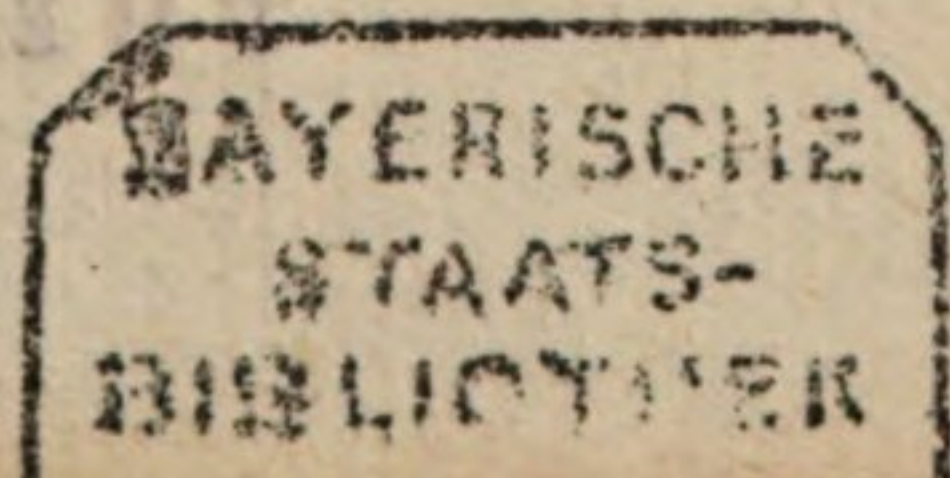
Here , files of pins extend their shining rows ,

Puffs , powders , patches , bibles , billet-doux.

Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;

The Fair each moment rises in her charms ,

E



98 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Repairs her smiles , awakens ev'ry grace ,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise ,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care ,
These set the head , and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve , while others plait the gown ;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

THE RAPE

”

T H E
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O I I.

N O T with more glories in th' etherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths around her
shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft' she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:

100 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

If to her share some female errors fall ,
Look on her face , and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind ,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls , and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets her smooth iv'ry neck :
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains ,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy sprindges we the birds betray ,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey ,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare ,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright Locks admir'd ,
He saw, he wish'd , and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way ,
By force to ravish , or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lover's toil attends ,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this , e'er Phœbus rose , he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n , and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd ,
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built ,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters , half a pair of gloves ;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre ,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls , and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain , and long possess the prize :
The Pow'rs gave ear , and granted half his pray'r ,
The rest , the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tydes;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die.
 Smooth flow the waves, the breezes gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe fate heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew;
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,
 By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest *Æther* play,
 And bask, and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Hover and catch the shooting stars by night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the 'glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair;
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care:
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the Nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair;
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care:
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th'important charge, the petticoat:
 Oft' have we known that sev'nfold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever Spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his fins,
 Be stopt in vials, or transfixt with pins;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie;
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
 Or alom stypticks, with contracting pow'r,
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froaths below!

He spoke ; the Spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some , orb in orb , around the Nymph extend ;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait ,
 Anxious , and trembling for the birth of fate.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There, stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton take its
name.

Here, Britain's statesmen oft' the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes, and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last:
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

E ;

Mean while declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine;
 The merchant, from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease —
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each, according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers, and a forked beard:
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care;
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war the sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors,
 Spadillio first unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board;
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basso follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears;
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his Prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'er-
 threw,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giants limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,

With throngs promiscuous strow the level green,
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
 With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
 In various habits, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of
 Hearts.

At this, the blood the Virgin's cheek forlook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
 She sees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft' in some distemper'd state)]

On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.

An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive

Queen :

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate !
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups, and spoons is
 crown'd,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :

On shining altars of Japan they raise

The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze ;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide ,
 And China's earth receives the smoaking tyde :
 At once they gratify their scent and taste ,
 While frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band ;
 Some , as she sipp'd , the fuming liquor fann'd ,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd ,
 Trembling , and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee , (which makes politician wise ,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems , the radiant Lock to gain.
 Ah cease , rash Youth ! desist e'er 'tis too late ,
 Fear the just Gods , and think of Scylla's fate !
 Chang'd to a bird , and sent to flit in air ,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will ,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
 Just then , Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case ;
 So ladies in romance assist their knight ,
 Present the spear , and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with rev'rence , and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends :
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread ,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair ,
 A thousand wings , by turns , blow back the hair ;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
 Thrice she look'd back , and thrice the foe drew near.

110 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind;
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in
twain,

(* But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightnings from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and fix the British Fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,

* See Milton, lib. 6. of *Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael.*

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 111

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days ,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats , or assignations give ;
So long my honour , name , and praise shall live !

What time wou'd spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments , like men , submit to fate !
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy ,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound ,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?

T H E RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O I V.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy Sprite
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repairs to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreadful East is all the wind that blows.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 113

Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here, stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The Fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:

114 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks,
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the Pow'r-Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pett, to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the Spleen.

The Goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There, she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

116 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grafs in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkies, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out--» My Lord, why, what the devil?
» Z-ds! damn the Lock!'fore Gad, you must be civil!
» Plague on't!'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
» Give her the hair «—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But * by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread,
The long-contended honours of her head.

* *In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i.*

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die!
 What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
 Oh had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay, Poll fate mute, and Shock was most unkind.
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
 These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

118 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The sister Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands;
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh! hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

T H E RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O V.

SHE said ; the pitying audience melt in tears :
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain ,
While Anna begg'd , and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ;
Silence ensu'd , and thus the Nymph began.

Say , why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most ,
The wise man's passion , and the vain man's toast ?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford ,
Why angels call'd , and angel-like ador'd ?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus ,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
How vain are all these glories , all our pains ,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains !
That men may say , when we the front-box grace ,
Behold the first in virtue , as in face !
Oh ! if to dance all night , and dress all day ,
Charm'd the small-pox , or chas'd old age away ;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce ,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch , nay ogle , might become a saint ,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey,
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
 fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll :
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 To arms, to arms ! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as light'ning to the combat flies ;
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack ;
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies :
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

* So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around ;
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound ;
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
 way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

* Homer, *Il.* 20.

Triumphant

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight;
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes;
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd Dapperwit; and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
* Those eyes are made so killing — was his last:
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings, he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

* * Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual light'ning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,

* *A Song in the Opera of Camilla.*

* * *Vid. Homer, Il. 8 & Virg. Æn. 12.*

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
 The Gnomes direct , to ev'ry atome just ,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden , with starting tears each eye o'erflows ,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate ! incens'd Belinda cry'd ,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (* The same , his ancient personage to deck ,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck
 In three seal-rings ; which after , melted down ,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew ,
 The bells she jingled , and the whistle blew ;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs ,
 Which long she wore , and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe !
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think , to die dejects my lofty mind :
 All that I dread , is leaving you behind !
 Rather than so , ah let me still survive ,
 And burn in Cupid's flames , — but burn alive.

Restore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around ,
 Restore the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd ,
 And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost !
 The Lock , obtain'd with guilt , and kept with pain ,
 In ev'ry place is sought , but sought in vain :

* *In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's Sceptre in Homer , Il. 2.*

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
* Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

There, heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases :

There, broken vows, and death-bed alms are found ;
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound ;

The courtier's promises, and sick-man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs ;

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view.)

A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray :

This, the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows, from Rosamonda's lake :

This Partridge * * soon shall view in cloudless skies,

* *Vid.* Ariosto, Canto 34.

* * John Partridge was a ridiculous stargazer, who in his almanachs every year, never fail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

124 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright Nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast ,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost :
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name !

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'T IS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill :
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share ;
Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true —
But are not Critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most * have the seeds of judgment in their mind :
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd ,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence.
 Some hate as rivals all that write ; and others
 But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.
 All such have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side :
 If Mævius scribble in Appollo's spite ,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past ,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor Critics pass ,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle ,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call ,
 Their generation's so equivocal :
 To tell'em, would a hundred tongues require ,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

* *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

But you , who seek to give and merit fame ,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name ,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know ,
 How far your genius , taste , and learning go ;
 Launch not beyond your depth , but be discreet ,
 And mark that point where sense, and dullness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit ,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the Ocean gains ,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails ,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;
 Where beams of warm imagination play ,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit ;
 So vast is art , so narrow human wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts ,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before ,
 By vain ambition still to make them more.
 Each might his sev'ral province well command ,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature , and your judgment frame
 By her just standard , which is still the same :
 Unerring nature , still divinely bright ,
 One clear , unchang'd , and universal light ,
 Life , force , and beauty must to all impart ,
 At once the source , and end , and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides ,
 Works without show , and without pomp presides :
 In some fair body thus the secret soul

With spirits feeds , with vigour fills the whole ,
 Each motion guides , and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen , but in th' effects , remains.

There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit ,
 Yet want as much again to manage it ;
 For wit and judgment ever are at strife ,
 Tho' meant each other's aid , like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide , than spur the Muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury , than provoke his speed ;
 The winged courser , like a gen'rous horse ,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd , not devis'd ,
 Are nature still , but nature methodiz'd ;
 Nature , like monarchy , is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites ,
 When to repress , and when indulge our flights !
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd ,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ,
 Held from afar , aloft , th' immortal prize ,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just * precepts thus from great examples giv'n ,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire ,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd ,
 To dress her charms , and make her more belov'd ;

* *Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus , sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur ; mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt.*
 Quintil.

But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
 Who cou'd no win the mistress , woo'd the maid,
 Set up themselves , and drove a sep'rate trade ;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd ,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries , taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part ,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules ,
 Prescribe , apply , and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey ,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
 Some drily plain , without invention's aid ,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made ;
 These lost their sense , their learning to display ,
 And those explain the meaning quite away. [steer ,

You then whose judgment the right course would
 Know well each ancient's proper character ;
 His fable , subject , scope in ev'ry page ;
 Religion , country , genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes ,
 Cavil you may , but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study , and delight ,
 Read them by day , and meditate by night , [bring ,
 Thence form your judgment , thence your notions
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd , his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

* When first young Maro sung of kings and wars ,
 E'er warning Phoebus touch'd his trembling ears ,

* *Cùm canerem Reges & praelia , Cynthia aurem
 Vellit. Virgil. Eclog. 6.*

Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law ,
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came ,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same:
 Convinc'd , amaz'd , he checks the bold design ;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine ,
 As if the Stagyrte o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare ,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry , in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach ,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If , * where the rules not far enough extend ,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky licence answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd , that licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus , a nearer way to take ,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend ,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part ,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art ,
 Which , without passing thro' the judgment , gains
 The heart , and all its end at once attains.

** Neque tam sancta sunt ista præcepta , sed hoc quicquid est , utilitas excogitavit ; non negabo autem sic utile esse plerunque ; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas , hanc , reliâis magistrorum autoritatibus , sequemur. Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.*

In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But care in poetry must still be had,
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad:
And tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead:
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display,
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft' are stratagems, which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-devouring age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues, consenting Pæans ring!

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind!
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights:
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 To admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest biases rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
 The shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

* A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ,
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modò scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.*
 Quintil.

'Tis not a lip , or eye , we beauty call ;
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome ,
 (The world's just wonder , and ev'n thine , O Rome !)
 No single parts unequally surprize ;
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ;
 No monstrous height , or breadth , or length appear ;
 The whole at once is bold , and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see ,
 Thinks what ne'er was , nor is , nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end ,
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just , the conduct true ,
 Applause , in spite of trivial faults , is due.
 As men of breeding , sometimes men of wit ,
 T' avoid great errors , must the less commit :
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays ,
 For not to know some trifles , is a praise.
 Most Critics , fond of some subservient art ,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part :
 They talk of principles , but notions prize ,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time , la Mancha's Knight , they say ,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way ,
 Discours'd in terms as just , with looks as sage ,
 As e'er could Dennis , of th' Athenian stage ;
 Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools ,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author , happy in a judge so nice ,
 Produc'd his play , and begg'd the Knight's advice ;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot ,

The manners, passions, unities, what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combate in the lists left out.

» What! leave the combate out? » exclaims the Knight,
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte.

» Not so by heav'n, (he answers in a rage)

» Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage. «

The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.

» Then build a new, or act it in a plain. «

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True * wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

* *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. 8. c. 3.

Others for language all their care exprefs,
 And value books, as women men, for drefs:
 Their praise is ftill — the ftyle is excellent:
 The fenfe, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves, and where they moft abound,
 Much fruit of fenfe beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glafs,
 Its gaudy colours fpreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of nature we no more furvey,
 All glares alike, without diftinction gay:
 But true expreffion, like th' unchanging fun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it fhines upon;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expreffion is the drefs of thought, and ftill
 Appears more decent, as more fuitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words exprefs'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple drefs'd:
 For diff'rent ftyles with diff'rent fubjects fort,
 As feveral garbs with country, town, and court.

Some * by old words to fame have made pretence;
 Ancients in phrafe, meer moderns in their fenfe!
 Such labour'd nothings, in fo ftrange a ftyle,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned fmile.

* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam
 eft, & frivolæ in parvis jactantia. Quintil. lib. 1. c. 6.*

*Opus eft ut verba à vetuftate repetita, neque crebra
 fint, neque manifesta, quia nil eft odiofius affectatione,
 nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus
 fuma virtus eft perfpicuitas, quàm fit vitiofa, fi egeat
 interprete! Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maximè
 tera, ita veterum maximè nova. Idem.*

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the * play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine Gentlemen wore yesterday:
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

** But most by numbers judge the poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' *** oft' the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line;
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still-expected rhimes.

* Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his humour*.

** *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli*

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos

Effugit junctura unguis: scit tendere versum

Non secus, ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Persius, Sat. 1.

*** *Fugiemus crebros vocalium concurfiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. *Vide etiam.* Quintil. lib. 9. cap. 4.

Where-e'er you find the cooling western breeze ,
 In the next line , it whispers thro' the trees ;
 If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep ,
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with sleep.
 Then , at the last , and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought ,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song ,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes , and know
 What's roundly smooth , or languishingly flow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line ,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join :
 True ease in writing comes from art , not chance ,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows ,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud billows lash the sounding shore ,
 The hoarse , rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw ,
 The line too labours , and the words move slow ;
 Not so , when swift Camilla scours the plain ,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and shims along the main.
 Hear how * Timotheus' various lays surprize ,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While , at each change , the son of Lybian Jove
 Now burns with glory , and then melts with love :

* Alexander's feast , or the power of music ; an Ode
 by Mr. Dryden.

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow;
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extreams, and shune the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd to little, or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large, which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some the French writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside)
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
(Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days)
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,

But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality,
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let his Lordship own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

The vulgar thus through imitation err,
 As oft' the learn'd by being singular;
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Once

Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
 Who knew most sentences , was deepest read ;
 Faith , gospel , all , seem'd made to be disputed ,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists , now , in peace remain ,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs , in Duck-lane.
 If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn ,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?
 Oft' , leaving what is natural and fit ,
 The current folly proves our ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe ,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side , or mind ,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
 Fondly we think we honour merit then ,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state ,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride , malice , folly , against Dryden rose ,
 In various shapes of Parsons , Critics , Beaus ;
 But sense surviv'd , when merry jests were past ;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return , and bless once more our eyes ,
 New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise :
 Nay , should great Homer lift his awful head ,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit , as its shade , pursue ;
 But , like a shadow , proves the substance true :
 For envy'd wit , like sol eclips'd , makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness , not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays ,

It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way ,
 Reflect new glories , and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ,
 His praise is lost , who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date , alas ! of modern rhymes ,
 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears ,
 When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost ,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast :
 Our sons their fathers failing language see ,
 And such as Chaucer is , shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind ,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command ,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite ,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ,
 When mellowing years their full perfection give ,
 And each bold figure just begins to live ;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray ,
 And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit , like most mistaken things ,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast ,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost !
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies ,
 That gaily blooms , but ev'n in blooming dies ,
 What is this wit which must our cares employ ?
 The owner's wife , that other men enjoy ;

Still most our trouble when the most admir'd;
The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools.
Bust still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the man be lost!
Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is humane, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove

As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When love was all an easy monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ:
 Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The fair fate panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before —
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 Then first the Belgian morals were extoll'd;
 We their religion had, and they our gold:
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute.
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies —
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.

'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine:
That not alone what to your judgment's due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make, each day, a Critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischiefs than nice falshoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust:
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry!

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
Such without wit are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satyrs,

Aud flattery to fulsome dedicators ,
 Whom , when they praise , the world believes no more ,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er .
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain ,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :
 Your silence there is better than your spite ,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on , their drouzy course they keep ,
 And lash'd so long , like tops , are lash'd asleep .
 False steps but help them to renew the race ,
 As after stumbling , jades will mend their pace .
 What crouds of these , impenitently bold ,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old ,
 Still run on poets , in a raging vein ,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain ;
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense ,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true ,
 There are as mad abandon'd Critics too .
 The bookful blockhead , ignorantly read ,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head ,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears ,
 And always list'ning to himself appears .
 All books he reads , and all he reads assails ,
 From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales .
 With him , most authors steal their works , or buy ;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary .
 Name a new play , and he's the poet's friend ,
 Nay , show'd his faults--but when wou'd poets mend ?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd ,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard ,

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tyde!

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spight;
Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,

Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our Critics take a contrary extream,
 They judge with fury, but they write with fle'em:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than Critics in as wrong quotations.

* See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew.

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome,
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great, injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a * Vida sung!
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses past;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But Critic learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys;

* M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourish'd in the time of Leo the tenth. G 5

And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the founder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
Nature's * chief master-piece is writing well.

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece, and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.

Such late was Walsh, — the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend,
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade! receive
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give!
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

* *Essay on poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham.*

AN
ESSAY
ON
MAN:
TO

H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE
PUBLISHED
BY
J. B. LEECH

IN A

YASSAY

ON

M. A. N.

TO

H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

Co

T H E
D E S I G N.

HA V I N G proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) come home to Mens Business and Bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his Nature and his State; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in Anatomy of the Mind as that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and

a short yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose ; but I chose verse , and even rhyme , for two reasons. The one will appear obvious ; that principles , maxims , or precepts so written , both strike the reader more strongly at first , and are more easily retained by him afterwards : the other may seem odd , but is true , I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is more certain , than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions , depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail , without becoming dry and tedious ; or more poetically , without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament , without wandering from the precision , or breaking the chain of reasoning : if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them , I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published , is only to be considered as a general Map of MAN , marking out no more than the greater parts , their extent , their limits , and their connection , but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently , these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress] will be less dry , and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains , and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers , to follow them in their course , and to observe their effects , may be a task more agreeable.

ESSAY . ON MAN,
IN
FOUR EPISTLES,
TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT
OF
EPISTLE I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with
respect to the UNIVERSE.*

OF Man in the abstract. — I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness of

*unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone counter-
 vails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state. ver. 281, &c. to the end.*

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
 A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield!
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise:
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou
find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's, one single can its end produce
Yet serves to second too some other use
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel , or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see , and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course , or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox , why now he breaks the clod ,
Is now a victim , and now Ægypt's God ;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions' , passions' , being's , use and end ;
Why doing , suff'ring , check'd , impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave , the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect , heav'n in fault ;
Say rather , Man's as perfect as he ought :
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment , and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere ,
What matter , soon or late , or here , or there ?
The blest to-day is as completely so ,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd , their present state :
From brutes what men , from men what spirits know ;
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day ,
Had he thy reason , would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last , he crops the flow'ry food ,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n ,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye , as God of all ,
A hero perish , or a sparrow fall ,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd ,

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone ingross not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, » 'Tis for mine:
» For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
» Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
» Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
» The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
» For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
» For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
» Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
» My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies «.

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
» No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
» Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
» Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
» And what created perfect? «—Why then Man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires ;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies ,
As men for ever temp'rate , calm , and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design ,
Why then a Borgia , or a Catiline ?
Who knows but he , whose hand the lightning forms ,
Who heaves old Ocean , and who wings the storms ;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind ,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
From pride , from pride , our very reas'ning springs ;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things :
Why charge we heav'n in those , in these acquit ?
In both , to reason right , is to submit.

Better for us , perhaps , it might appear ,
Were there all harmony , all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind ,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order , since the whole began ,
Is kept in nature , and is kept in Man." (soar ,

VI. What would this Man ? Now upward will he
And little less than angel , would be more ;
Now looking downwards , just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls , the furr of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call ,
Say what their use , had he the pow'rs of all ;
Nature to these , without profusion , kind ,
The proper organs , proper pow'rs assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course ,
Here with degrees of swiftness , there of force ;

All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add , and nothing to abate.
Each beast , each insect , happy in its own :
Is heav'n unkind to Man , and Man alone ?
Shall he alone , whom rational we call ,
Be pleas'd with nothing , if not blest with all ?

The blifs of Man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No pow'rs of body , or of soul to share ,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason , man is not a fly.
Say what the use , were finer optics giv'n ,
T' inspect a mite , not comprehend the heav'n ?
Or touch , if tremblingly alive all o'er ,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain ,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears ,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres ,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr , and the purling rill ?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise ;
Alike in what it gives , and what denies ?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends ,
The scale of sensual , mental pow'rs ascends :
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race ,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme ,
The mole's dim curtain , and the lynx's beam :
Of smell , the headlong lioness between ,

And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood ,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood ?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine ?
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew :
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine ,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier ?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd ;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide ?
And middle natures, how they long to join ,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone ,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began ,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man ,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee ,
From thee to nothing. — On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
Or in the full creation leave a void ,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
From

From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spight,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

I *THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, etc. II The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, etc. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67 etc. Their end the same ver. 81, etc. III. The PASSIONS, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes ver. 165, etc. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principles, and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Im-*

perfections, ver. 238, etc. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to the Individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE II.

I. **K**NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state;
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side;
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science
 guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;

H;

As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone,

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip of all her equipage of pride;
Deduct but what is vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,

Ascribe all good , to their improper , ill.

Self-love , the spring of motion , acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man , but for that , no action could attend ,
And , but for this , were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot ,
To draw nutrition , propagate , and rot :
Or meteor-like , flame lawless thro' the void ,
Destroying others , by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task , it prompts , impels , inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies ,
Form'd but to check , deliberate , and advise.
Self-love , still stronger , as its objects nigh ;
Reason's at distance , and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason , the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments , temptations throng ,
At best more watchful this , but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use , to reason still attend.
Attention , habit and experience gains ;
Each strengthens reason , and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight ,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And grace and virtue , sense and reason split ,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits , just like fools , at war about a name ,
Have full as oft no meaning , or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire ,
Pain their aversion , pleasure their desire ;

But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy!
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,

Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades , whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when , in act , they cease , in prospect , rise :
Present to grasp , and future still to find ,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms , but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses , diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame ,
As strong or weak , the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master passion in the breast ,
Like Aaron's serpent , swallows up the rest.

As man , perhaps , the moment of his breath ,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease , that must subdue at length ,
Grows with his growth , and strengthens with his
strength :

So , cast and mingled with his very frame ,
The mind's disease , its ruling passion came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole ,
Soon flows to this , in body and in soul :

Whatever warms the heart , or fills the head ,
As the mind opens , and its functions spread ,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art ,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother , habit is its nurse ;
Wit , spirit , faculties , but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sow'r.

We , wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway ,

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But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy!
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,

Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades , whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when , in act , they cease , in prospect , rise :
Present to grasp , and future still to find ,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms , but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses , diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame ,
As strong or weak , the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master passion in the breast ,
Like Aaron's serpent , swallows up the rest.

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We , wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway ,

H ;

In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits , ungrateful to the planter's care ,
On savage stocks inserted , learn to bear ;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot ,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen , from obstinacy , hate , or fear !
See anger , zeal and fortitude supply ;
Ev'n av'rice , prudence ; sloth , philosophy ;
Lust , thro' some certain strainers well refin'd ,
Is gentle love , and charms all womankind ;
Envy , to which th' ignoble mind's a slave ,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor virtue , male or female , can we name ,
But what will grow on pride , or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :
Reason the byas turns to good from ill ,
And Nero reign a Titus , if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline ,
In Decius charms , in Curtius is divine :
The same ambition can destroy or save ,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd ,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce ,
In Man they join to some mysterious use ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade ,
As , in some well-wrought picture , light and shade ,
And oft so mix , the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue , or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall ,

That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black or white?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;

'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:

Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,

At Greenland, Zemble, or the Lord knows where.

No creature owns it in the first degree,

But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;

Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,

Or never feel the rage, or never own;

What happier natures shrink at with affright,

The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,

Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;

The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;

And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;

For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;

But heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.

That counter-works each folly and caprice;

That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;

That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;

Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear to the statesman , rashness to the chief ,
To kings presumption , and to crowds belief :
That , virtue's ends from vanity can raise ,
Which seeks no int'rest , no reward but praise ;
And build on wants , and on defects of mind ,
The joy , the peace , the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend ,
A master , or a servant , or a friend ,
Bids each on other for assistance call ,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants , frailties , passions , closer still ally
The common int'rest , or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship , love sincere ,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn , in its decline ,
Those joys , those loves , those int'rests to resign ;
'Taught half by reason , half by mere decay ,
To welcome death , and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion , knowledge , fame , or pelf ,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore ,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n ,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance , the cripple sing ,
The sot a hero , lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest , the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend ,
And pride bestow'd on all , a common friend :
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply ,

Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with
respect to Society.*

- I. *THE whole Universe one system of Society, ver. 7, etc. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, ver. 49.*
- II. *Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, ver. 109.*
- III. *How far Society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, ver. 128.*
- IV. *Of that which is called the State of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver. 166, and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176.*
- V. *Origin of Political Societies, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212.*
- VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 231, etc. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver. 237, etc. The Influence of Self-love operating to the*

social and public Good, ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principles, ver. 285. Mixt Government, ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, etc.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: » The Universal Cause
 » Acts to one end, but acts by various laws. «
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The trim of pride, the imprudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below and all above.
 See plastic nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again:
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign, parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made beast in aid of Man, and Man of beast;
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, » See all things for my use! »
« See Man for mine! » replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove!
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch etherial slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To blifs alike by that direction tend,
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But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit!
While still too wide or short is human wit;

Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
 Prescient the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper blifs, and sets it proper bounds:
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial feeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,

Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care,
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race.
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love :
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those :
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind. (trod ;

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 The state of nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;

The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
 And Man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
 Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from nature rising flow to art!
 To copy instinct then was reason's part;
 Thus then to Man the voice of nature spake —
 » Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
 » Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 » Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 » Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 » Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
 » Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 » Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 » Here too all forms of social union find,
 » And hence let reason, late, instruct Mankind:
 » Here subterranean works and cities see;
 » There towns aërial on the waving tree.
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,

» The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;
» How those in common all their wealth bestow,
» And anarchy without confusion know ;
» And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
» Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
» Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
» Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
» In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
» Entangle justice in her net of law,
» And right too rigid, harden into wrong ;
» Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
» Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
» Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
» And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
» Be crown'd as monarchs, or as God ador'd «.

V. Great nature spoke ; observant Man obey'd ;
Cities were built, societies were made :
Here rose one little state : another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend.
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe,
Converse and love Mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch fate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steddy light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
LOVE all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in Men.
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
'Till

'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood!
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,

A weaker may surprise, a stronger take:
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard, what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught pow'rs due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
'Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each, as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government, let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

In faith and hope, the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

A R G U M E N T O F E P I S T L E I V.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with
respect to Happiness.*

I. FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from ver. 19, to 77. **II.** It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all. ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 70. **III.** What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue, what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94.

IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars*, ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest*, ver. 133. etc. VI. *That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue*, ver. 167. *That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches*, ver. 185. *Honours*, ver. 193. *Nobility*, ver. 205. *Greatness*, ver. 217. *Fame* ver. 237. *Superior Talents*, ver. 259. etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all*, ver. 269, etc. VII. *That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal*. ver. 309, etc. *That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter*, ver. 326, etc.

EPISTLE

I 3

E P I S T L E I V.

O H Happiness ! our being's end and aim !
 Good , pleasure , ease , content ! whate'er thy name ;
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live , or dare to die ,
 Which still so near us , yet beyond us lies ,
 O'er-look'd , seen double , by the fool , and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below ,
 Say , in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine ,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield ,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture , not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere ,
 'Tis no where to be found , or ev'ry where :
 'Tis never to be bought , but always free ,
 And fled from monarchs , ST. JOHN ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? The learn'd are blind ;
 This bids to serve , and that to shun Mankind ;
 Some place the blifs in action , some in ease ;
 Those call it pleasure , and contentment these ;
 Some sunk to beasts , find pleasure end in pain ;
 Some swell'd to Gods , confess ev'n virtue vain ;
 Or indolent , to each extreme they fall ,
 To trust in ev'ry thing , or doubt of all.

Who thus define it , say they more or less
 Than this , that happiness is happiness ?

Take nature's path , and mad opinion's leave ;
All states can reach it , and all heads conceive ;
Obvious her goods , in no extreme they dwell ;
There needs but thinking right , and meaning well ;
And mourn our various passions as we please ,
Equal is common sense , and common ease.

Remember, Man , «the Universal Cause
« Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ; »
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one , but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find ,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind :
No bandit fierce , no tyrant mad with pride ,
No cavern'd hermit , rests self-satisfy'd :
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend ,
Seek an admirer , or would fix a friend :
Abstract what others feel , what others think ,
All pleasures sicken , and all glories sink :
Each has his share : and who would more obtain ,
Shall find , the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is heav'n's first law ; and this confess ,
Some are , and must be , greater than the rest ,
More rich , more wise ; but who infers from hence
That such are happier , shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess ,
If all are equal in their happiness :
But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition , circumstance is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king ,
In who obtain defence , or who defend ,

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But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition , circumstance is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king ,
In who obtain defence , or who defend ,

In him who is , or him who finds a friend :
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing , as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess ,
And each were equal , must not all contest ?

If then to all Men happiness was meant ,
Gods in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose ,
And these be happy call'd , unhappy those ;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear ,
While those are plac'd in hope , and these in fear :
Not present good or ill , the joy or curse ,
But future views of better , or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise ,
By mountains pil'd on mountains , to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys ,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know , all the good that individuals find ,
Or God and nature meant to mere Mankind ,
Reason's whole pleasures , all the joys of sense ,
Lie in three words , health , peace , and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone ,
And peace , oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
But these less taste them , as they worse obtain.
Say , in pursuit of profit or delight ,
Who risk the most , that take wrong means , or right ?
Of vice or virtue , whether blest or curst ,
Which meets contempt , or which compassion first ?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains ,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains :

And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!

See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!

Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?

Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave;

Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,

Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,

When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?

Or why so long (in life if long can be)

Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?

There deviates nature, and here wanders will.

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,

Or partial ill is universal good,

Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,

Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of heav'n complain,

That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease

When his lewd father gave the dire disease.

Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause

Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be impress,

Oh blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care;

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on *Calvin* heav'n's own spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If *Calvin* feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

Whatever is, is right. — This world, 'tis true,

Was made for *Cæsar* — but for *Titus* too;

And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

« But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed. »

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? (pow'r?)
« No — shall the good want health, the good want
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
« Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king? »
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and earth a heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and fix,
Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
« What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl! »
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the Man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
New-born, your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
« Where, but among the heroes and the wise? »
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Sweed;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?
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All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends;

To all beside as much an empty shade

An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;

Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preeminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount;
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?

To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame.
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false scale of happiness complet.
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the Man.
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)

« Virtue alone is happiness below ».

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;

Never dejected, while another's blest'd;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks through nature, up to nature's God:

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;

Sees, that no being any bliss can know,

But touches some above, and some below;

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,

The first, last purpose of the human soul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of Man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known blifs, and faith in blifs unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wife is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest blifs;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of blifs but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along ;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ;
Shew'd erring pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT** ;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER. DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ADVERTISEMENT.

MORAL ESSAYS
IN
FOUR EPISTLES
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Est brevitæ opus , ut currat sententia , neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi , sæpe jocosæ ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ ,
Interdum urbani , parcentis viribus , atque
Extenuantis eas consultò,*

H O R.

MORAL ESSAYS
IN
FOUR EPISTLES
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

Et dicitur quod, ut dicitur in sententia, non se
impedire debet, sed ut dicitur in sententia, non se
Et dicitur quod, ut dicitur in sententia, non se
Et dicitur quod, ut dicitur in sententia, non se
Et dicitur quod, ut dicitur in sententia, non se

H. O. A.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in Four Books :

The First of which , the Author has given us under that title , in four Epistles.

The Second was to have consisted of the same number : 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reason. 2. Of those Arts and Sciences , and of the parts of them , which are useful , and therefore attainable , together with those which are unuseful , and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature , Ends , Use , and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Use of Learning , of the Science of the World , and of Wit ; concluding with a Satire against a Misapplication of them , illustrated by Pictures , Characters , and Examples.

The Third Book regarded Civil Regimen , or the Science of Politics , in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained ; together with the several Modes of Religious Worship , as far forth as they affect Society ; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation , and closest connection ; so that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The Fourth and last Book concerned private Ethics , or practical Morality , considered

in all the Circumstances, Orders, Professions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years: but was, partly, through ill health, partly, through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly, on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner, laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his strong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poetae* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The First, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following; so that:

The Second Book was to take up again the First and Second Epistles of the first Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a Satire against the misapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad,

and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The Third Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an Epic Poem; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The Fourth and last Book was to pursue the subject of the Fourth Epistle of the First, and treats of Ethics, or practical Morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following Epistles were detached Portions: the two first, on the Characters of Men and Women, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.

ARGUMENT
K;

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

A R G U M E N T.

*Of the Knowledge and Characters
of Men.*

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some Peculiarity in every Man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, etc. ver. 31. The Shortness of Life to observe in, and

the Uncertainty of the Principles of Action in Men to observe by, ver. 37, etc. Our own Principle of Action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same Man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77, etc. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the Actions; the same Actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary Actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a Man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of Men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the Nature or at least Character, of many ver. 149, Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 174 III. It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his Actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Wharton, ver. 179, A caution against mistak-

ing second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of Mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, etc.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd ;
 Who from his study rails at human kind ;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks , and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims , or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird , so talkative and grave ,
 That from his cage cries cuckold , whore , and knave ,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call ,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such ,
 Men may be read , as well as books , too much.
 To observations which ourselves we make ,
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake ;
 To written wisdom , as another's , less :
 Maxims are drawn from notions , those from guesses.

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain ,
 Some unmark'd fibre , or some varying vein :
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross ?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind , as moss.

That each from other differs , first confess ;
 Next , that he varies from himself no less ;
 Add nature's , custom's , reason's , passion's strife ,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms , or our shallows finds ,
 Quick whirls , and shifting eddies , of our minds ?
 On human actions reason tho' you can ,
 It may be reason , but it is not Man :
 His principle of action once explore ,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.

Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none:
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,

All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.

The dull, flat falshood serves for policy:
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lye:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave;
Save just at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head, all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd?
He thanks you not; his pride is in picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere?
A godless regent tremble at a star?

The throne a bigot keep , a genius quit ,
Faithless thro' piety , and dup'd thro' wit ?
Europe a woman , child , or dotard rule ,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know , God and nature only are the same :
In Man , the judgment shoots at flying game ;
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found ,
Now in the moon perhaps , now under ground .

In vain the sage , with retrospective eye ,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why ,
Infer the motive from the deed , and shew ,
That what we chanc'd , was what we meant to do .
Behold ! If fortune , or a mistress frowns ,
Some plunge in bus'ness , others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight ,
This quits an empire , that embroils a state :
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent , Philip to the field ,

Not always actions shew the Man : we find
Who does a kindness , is not therefore kind :
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ,
Pride guides his steps , and bids him shun the great :
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ,
His pride in reas'ning , not in acting , lies .

But grant that actions best discover Man ;
Take the most strong , and sort them as you can .
The few that glare , each character must mark ,

You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the foil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here, as wonders strike,
Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar,

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A quaker? fly: A presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask mens opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with
climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion. There alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears; and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,

Women and fools must like him, or he dies ;
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.
Thus, with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt ;
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways :
A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd ;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves ;
He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule ?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;

In this the lust, in that the avarice
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion Man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigor, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
» Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
» Is there no hope? — Alas! — then bring the jowl &

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,

For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

» Odious! in woollen! 'twould a faint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

» No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruffels lace

» Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

» One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead —

» And — Betty — give this cheek a little red «.

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind, (fir,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could

» If — where I'm going — I could serve you, Sir? »

» I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) « my lands and tenements to Ned.

Your money, Sir? — » My money, Sir, what all?

» Why, — if I must — (then wept) I give it Paul.

The manor, Sir? — » The manor! hold, he cry'd,

» Not that, I cannot part with that « — and dy'd.

And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:

Such in those moments, as in all the past,

» Oh, save my country, heav'n! « shall be your last.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

A R G U M E N T.

OF the Characters of Women considered only as contradistinguished from the other Sex. That these are yet more inconsistent, and incomprehensible than those of Men, of which Instances are given even from such Characters as are plainest, and most strongly marked; as in the Affected, ver. 21, etc. the Soft-Natured, ver. 29 and 37; the Cunning and Artful, ver. 45; the Whimsical, ver. 53; in the Lewd and Vicious, ver. 69; in the Witty and Refined, ver. 87. In the Stupid and Simple, ver. 100.

But tho' the particular Characters of this

Sex are more Various than those of Men, the general Characteristick as to the Ruling Passion is more uniform and Confin'd. This is occasioned, partly, by their Nature, partly, their Education, and in degree by Necessity, ver. 211. What are the Aims, and the Fate of this Sex, 1^o. as to Power, ver. 219, 2^o. as to Pleasure, ver. 231. Advice for their true interest, ver. 249. The picture of an Esteemable Woman, made up of the best kind of Contrarieties, ver. 269, etc.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I I.

T O

A L A D Y.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 » Most Women have no characters at all «.
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true!
 Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see — a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades — » How charming is a park! «
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears — » Oh odious, odious trees! «

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

'Twas thus Calipso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wife;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at easter, in a christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the book of martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk;
Proud as a peerefs, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:

Such this day's doctrine — in another fit
 She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
 The Nose of Hautgaut, and the Tip of Taste,
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy — stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, » while we live, to live «.
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought;
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.

Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, » Ah! how charming, if there's no such place! «
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.

Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth,
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:

Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse;
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you — then the bust
And temple rise — then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders heav'n-directed to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

» Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot « —
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
» With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
» Say, what can Chloe want? « — She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel — but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent — would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well — but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humbler kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.

From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king :
Alas ! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public Men sometimes are shown,
A Woman's seen in private life alone :
Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness, or delicacy ; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In Men we various ruling passions find ;
In Women, two almost divide the kind ;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means :
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,

As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers 'till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces — You.

Be this a Woman's fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queen's may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;

And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself;
The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for ducheſſes, the world shall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, good-humour, and a poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, etc. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, etc. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious Men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of Men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How

a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due Medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Rofs, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, etc. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when doctors disagree;
 And foundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That Man was made the standing jest of heav'n;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
 For some to heap, and some to throw away,

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely, heav'n and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
 But when by Man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival to, its fire, the sun,
 Then careful heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
 To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
 We find our tenets just the same at last.
 Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
 No grace of heav'n, or token of th' elect;
 Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

L,

What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)

Extends to luxury , extends to lust ;

Useful , I grant , it serves what life requires ,

But dreadful too , the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help , society extend ;

P. But lures the pyrate , and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid ;

P. But bribes a senate , and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight , and patriots rave ;

If secret gold saps on from knave to knave.

Once , we confess , beneath the patriot's cloak ,

From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke ,

And jingling down the back-stairs , told the crew ,

» Old Cato is as great a rogue as you «.

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !

That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !

Gold imp'd by thee , can compass hardest things ,

Can pocket states , can fetch or carry kings ;

A single leaf shall waft an army o'er ,

Or ship off senates to a distant shore ;

A leaf , like Sibyl's , scatter to and fro

Our fates and fortunes , as the wind shall blow :

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen ,

And silent sells a king , or buys a queen.

Oh ! that such bulky bribes as all might see ,

Still , as of old , incumber'd villany !

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs ,

With all their brandies , or with all their wines ?

What could they more than knights and 'squires con-

Or water all the quorum ten miles round ? (found ,

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil !

» Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
» Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
» A hundred oxen at your levee roar.

Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese sir Morgan might we meet;
And worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say! why take it, gold and all.

P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, fire, and cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
cloaths, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?
 Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
 Or heal, old Narfes, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
 To some, indeed, heav'n grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The grave sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
 » God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
 » The wretch he starves « — and piously denies:
 But the good bishop with a meeker air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
 Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
 Some revelation hid from you and me.
 Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in fourth-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
» At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
» (So long by watchful ministers withstood)
» Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
» Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
» Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
» Peerefs and butler share alike the box,
» And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
» And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
» See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
» And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!
'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see

Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
 A nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

» All this is madness, « cries a sober sage:
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
 » The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 » The ruling passion conquers reason still «.
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
 For tho' such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all. (sends;

Hear then the truth: » 'Tis heav'n each passion
 » And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
 » Extremes in nature equal good produce,
 » Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use «.
 Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
 That pow'r which bids the ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
 The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot ?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and fallads blest'd his board ?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before ;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence ?
Like some lone Chartreuse stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round :
Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed).
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine !
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,

The fylvans groan — no matter — for the fleet :
 Next goes his wool — to clothe our valiant bands ,
 Last , for his country's love , he sells his lands .
 To town he comes , completes the nation's hope ,
 And heads the bold train-bands , and burns a Pope .
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils ,
 Britain , that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws .

The sense to value Riches , with the art
 T' enjoy them , and the virtue to impart ,
 Not meanly , nor ambitiously pursu'd ,
 Not sunk by sloth , nor rais'd by servitude ;
 To balance fortune by a just expence ;
 Join with œconomy , magnificence ;
 With splendor , charity ; with plenty , health ;
 Oh teach us , Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
 That secret rare , between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature , and of mean self-love .

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd , be bounty giv'n ,
 And ease , or emulate , the care of heav'n ;
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend fortune's fault , and justify her grace .
 Wealth in the gross is death ; but life diffus'd ;
 As poison heals , in just proportion us'd :
 In heaps , like ambergrise , a stink it lies ,
 But well dispers'd , is incense to the skies .

P. Who starves by nobles , or with nobles eats ?
 The wretch that trusts them , and the rogue that cheats ,
 Is there a lord , that knows a chearful noon
 Without a fiddler , flatt'rer , or buffoon ?

Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, or pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where-e'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a-while may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Rofs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
» The Man of Rofs, « each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Rofs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state;
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Rofs relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,

Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest — five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history?
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,

With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies — alas how chang'd from him;
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring:
 Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king:
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, » Live like me. «
 As well his Grace reply'd, » Like you, Sir John?
 » That I can do, when all I have is gone. «
 Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
 For very want, he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!

Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
» Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name! «

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd — I'll tell a tale — B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church, and change; his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold;
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
» Live like yourself, « was soon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,

So kept the di'mond , and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose , but thus he eas'd his thought ,
» I'll now give six-pence , where I gave a groat ;
» Where once I went to church , I'll now go twice—
» And am so clear too of all other vice «.

The Tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side ,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent per cent ,
Sinks deep within him , and possesses whole ,
Then dubs director , and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit ,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a blessing , now was wit ,
And God's good Providence , a lucky hit.
Things change their titles , as our manners turn :
His compting-house employ'd the funday-morn :
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold , and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries , bows at court , and grows polite :
Leaves the dull cits and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
First , for his son a gay commission buys ,
Who drinks , whores , fights , and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p — x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains ,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.

My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance ,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him , and Sir Balaam hangs :
Wife , son , and daughter , Satan ! are thy own ,
His wealth , yet dearer , forfeit to the crown :
The devil and the king divide the prize ,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God , and dies.

ARGUMENT

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65, etc. to 92. A descrip-

tion of the false Taste of Magnificence ; the first grand error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension , instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole , ver. 97. And the second , either in joining together Parts incoherent , or too minutely resembling , or in the Repetition of the same too frequently , ver. 105 , etc. A word or two of false Taste in Books , in Music , in Painting , even in Preaching and Prayer , and lastly in Entertainments , ver. 133 etc. Yet Providence is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner , since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind , ver. 169. (Recurring to what is laid down in the first Book , Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this , ver. 159 , etc.) What are the proper Objects of Magnificence , and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men , ver. 177 , etc. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince , ver. 191 , to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'T IS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is is less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
 Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats ;
 He buys for Topham, drawings and designs,
 For Pembroke statues, dirty Gods, and coins ;
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane,
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
 Some dæmon whisper'd, » Visto! have a taste «.
 Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
 See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
 A standing sermon at each year's expence,
 That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
 Fill half the land with imitating-fools ;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;

Load some vain church with old theatric state ,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate ;
Reverse your ornaments , and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't ,
That , lac'd with bits of rustic , makes a front.
Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar ,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part ,
And if they starve , they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer ,
A certain truth , which many buy too dear :
Something there is more needful than expence ,
And something previous ev'n to taste — 'tis sense :
Good sense , which only is the gift of heav'n ,
And tho' no science , fairly worth the seven :
A light , which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build , to plant , whatever you intend ,
To rear the column , or the arch to bend ,
To swell the terras , or to sink the grot ;
In all , let nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess , like a modest fair ,
Nor over-dress , nor leave her wholly bare ;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd ,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points , who pleasingly confounds ,
Surprizes , varies , and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;
That tells the waters or to rise , or fall ;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale ,

Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;
Calls in the country , catches op'ning glades ,
Joins willing woods , and varies shades from shades ;
Now breaks , or now directs , th' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant , and , as you work , designs.

Still follow sense , of ev'ry art the soul ,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole ,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance ,
Start ev'n from difficulty , strike from chance ;
Nature shall join you ; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at — perhaps a Stow.

Without it , proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls :
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make ,
Lo ! Cobham comes , and floats them with a lake :
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain ,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark ,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete ;
His quincunx darkens , his espaliers meet ;
The wood supports the plain , the parts unite ,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light ;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display ,
Blushing in bright diversities of day ,
With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er —
Enjoy them , you ! Villario , can no more ;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield ,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd ,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade ,

With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, » What sums are thrown away! «
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, in Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground,
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;

And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-water'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft — by regular approach — not yet —
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat:
And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil bound.
Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
On painted cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:

The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God blefs the king.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he encrease:
Whose chearful tenants blefs their yearly toil,

W

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W

Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

1817
2/12 1817

EPISTLES
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

28

21

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. ADDISON.

*Occasioned by his Dialogues on
MEDALS.*

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish like their dead!
 Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

M 6

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust :
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the vanity, the learning thine :
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
Her Gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
» Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
» In action faithful, and in honour clear;
» Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
» Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
» Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
» And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd «.

E P I S T L E

T O

*ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,
and Earl MORTIMER.*

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
'Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld! and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear tho the Muse! to Harley dear — in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,

Epist. to Robert Earl of Oxford. This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721.

Who , careless now of int'rest , fame , or fate ,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call ,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure , if aught below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals , 'tis a soul like thine :
A soul supreme , in each hard instance try'd ,
Above all pain , all passion , and all pride ,
The rage of pow'r , the blast of public breath ,
The lust of lucre , and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
'Tis hers , the brave man's latest steps to trace ,
Rejudge his acts , and dignify disgrace.
When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train ,
And all th' oblig'd desert , and all the vain ;
She waits , or to the scaffold , or the cell ,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now , she shades thy ev'ning-walk with bays ,
(No hireling she , no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now , observant of the parting ray ,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day ,
Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see ,
Nor fears to tell , that Mortimer is he.

E P I S T L E

T O

*JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.
SECRETARY of STATE.*

A soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lye,
And strikes a blush thro' frontless flattery.
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed — a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. JERVAS,

*With Mr. DRYDEN'S Translation of
FRESNOY'S Art of Painting.*

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse,
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame;
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light,
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,

While images reflect from art to art ?
 How oft review ; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame , and something to commend ?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly ,
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee , on Raphael's monument I mourn ,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :

With thee repose , where Tully once was laid ,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade :

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view ,
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new ,

Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye ;

A fading fresco here demands a sigh :

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare ,

Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air ,

Caracci's strength , Correggio's softer line ,

Paulo's free stroke , and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears

This small , well-polish'd gem , the * work of years !

Yet still how faint by precept is express'd

The living image in the painter's breast ?

Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow ,

Strike in the sketch , or in the picture glow ;

Thence beauty , waking all her forms , supplies

An angel's sweetness , or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed ,

Those tears eternal , that embalm the dead :

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing
 his Poem.

Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,
And other beauties envy Worley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line:
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung 'till Granvill's Myra dye:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

E P I S T L E

T O

M I S S B L O U N T,

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
 His easy art may happy nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
 His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
 'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state

And, to compleat her blifs, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no dutchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Montausier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest, eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME.

*On her leaving the Town after the
CORONATION.*

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air;
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from 'op'ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries, — No words!
 Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things — but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
 While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

STAAT.





Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope

Bd.: 1. (1782). - 288 S.

Paris 1782

P.o.angl. 286 h-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748273-5